



GATHERED                  VERSE



H. BEDFORD-JONES





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To my dear

"Bertie"

who must not

be further grieved

with her friend

Edith

June  
1916









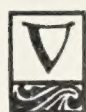








ATHERED



ERSE


BY

H. BEDFORD-JONES



Santa Barbara

1916



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Dedicated

to

HELEN WALLACE BEDFORD-JONES

Forty copies, hand-printed by  
the Author, for private dist-  
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¶ Two of the above titles are translations from Th. Botrel

¶ Certain departures have been made in the order of the titles as found above





Go, little book, upon thy way  
    Dreaming that skies are ever clear;  
That all thy days are as today,  
    Sweet with the ring of voices dear!

Go, little book, nor fear to meet  
    With smile or favor, jeer or frown;  
Perchance in some far-wandering street  
    There waits for thee an undreamt crown!





## EVENSONG

Dear baby of the star-bright eyes  
That now in slumber softly close,  
What place was yours beyond the skie,  
Whence came the soul that in you grows  
And gains in strength from day to day?  
What was the life you left behind  
When you were sent to share our way  
And lift our hearts to love enshrined?

Dear baby of the pool-deep eyes  
Where azure shadows fade and glance;  
Grant us to know what visions rise  
Beyond their depths, what splendors dance  
Athwart their shades! Give us to share  
What hidden things your spirit sees,  
The wonder-pageantries that bear  
Life's truths to you, Faith's mysteries!

## RONDEAU

Far in the north I know an east incline  
Rich in old cedar logs and stunted pine,  
    Whose umber warp is studded with the fair  
    Fresh pink of petals, and whose balmy air  
Is perfumed from a censer all divine,  
    Far in the north.

There only, under log or trailing vine,  
Drunk in its richness, veers the slender line  
    Of the arbutus, rarest of the rare!

But here, amid the dragon-city's blare  
Where men tread all their days in paths of care,  
    Where face and form are gross with  
    Mammon's sign ---  
What wonder if my spirit lingers there,  
    Far in the north?

## KLYDONES

The old blind singer, whose deep-throated surge  
Of war-waves cresting o'er the Windy Plain  
Rings down the ages, knew the wild refrain  
Of shores agroan beneath eternal scourge;  
And he who sang the hollow-noted dirge  
Of Atreus' house, and that ill-destined twain  
Whose seven-gated city wrought their bane ---  
His words, too, fall with sweep of waves that urge  
The hollow ships to doon. So were they all,  
Those hearts that sang with booming ocean-roar  
Loud in their ears. Fair ring the words and free  
Of far wide misty depths, and breakers' call;  
And, while the billows crash forevermore,  
Their chants come sounding from the old gray sea!



## THE HUMBLER FATES

There are none worthier than "unworthy" things;  
These little, poor, ignoble deeds we do  
Change to pure beauty, and the doing flings  
Across their umber warp a warmer hue  
That shall not fade. Harp of a thousand strings  
Is this our life, whose greater actions sound  
The deep rich chords; yet thru the whole outrings  
The subtle minor harmonies that round  
All to perfection. If rewards be few,  
What matter? Deep within the heart is found  
Nobility, that each day springs anew  
To cope with tasks, of humbler Fates unwound!

## NIGHT IN AUTUMN

Sleep, little babe in your crib so white,  
Like the first thin snow on the fields outside;  
Mother is near through the long dark night  
--- Oh love of my love, lie still! ---  
And her heart all your sorrows and tears will hide.  
So sleep, while over the fields and town,  
Over the streets and the stubble brown,  
The breeze will whisper its wafted air:  
"Oh babe so tender, babe so rare,  
Goodnight!"

Far overhead through the frost-clear sky  
The wild geese wing to the south again;  
Rustling and shivering leaves hang dry  
--- Oh heart of my heart, lie still! ---  
On the vines that are brushing against the pane.  
But sleep, for after the snow comes spring!  
And after the night, the dawning will bring  
A breeze to whisper you, sweetly sure,  
"Oh babe so tender, babe so pure,  
Good-day!"

## MERRY RIMES OF CALVADOS

1

The road is very good to see  
And very full of minstrelsy,  
For all the little piñon trees are harpists in  
the wind;  
And if you have nowhere to go  
You'll find it very fair, below ---  
Below the snowy mountains, with the good  
north wind behind!

2

Oh, a lad and a lass were lovers gay,  
And all in the springtime blithesome!  
But skies grew gray and the lad fled away,  
And when he'll return again who can say?  
Oh, not in the springtime blithesome!

3

Lonely is the high road, underneath the aspens,  
Lonely is the valley road and dusty in the  
breeze;



Brethren wander all ways, sun and rain together,  
And oh the little singing birds that twitter  
from the trees!

4

Life is a fey thing, a happy thing, a gay thing,  
And death puts a very sorry end to it all!  
But life is full o' questing  
And death is full o' jesting ---  
So when Fate's wave is cresting  
We'll laugh it to its fall!

5

The road it is a good road, the road was  
made to wander on,  
And all the little mountain trails are white  
amid the trees;  
But where the road finds ending, only fools  
would ponder on ---  
So hey for the dusty road, the sunlight and  
the breeze!

## RECIPROCITY

Would you have men play square with you,  
    Play fair with you, and bear with you  
In all the little weaknesses so easy to condemn?  
    Then simply try to do the same ---  
    Hold up your head and play the game,  
    And when the others are to blame  
Be sure to bear with them!

Would you have men, when new to you,  
    Be true to you and do to you  
The things that faith and brother-love and nothing else impel?  
    Then give them faith and brother-love  
    And set sincerity above  
    All other things --- and it will prove  
That you have builded well!

## OISIN TO HIS HARP

Here on this soul-sad cypress do I hang  
Thy muted wraith, oh friend in weal or woe!  
How often hast thy silvern-tongued flow  
Answered, in olden days, the weapons' clang;  
How often, as through Finn's wide hall outrang  
The joy of feasting and the heroes' shout,  
Thy melody, and that of him who sang,  
Silenced the noise and hushed the clamorous rout!  
Alas, those days are fled away, and I,  
Alone, amid this puny folk that dwell  
Where fought my heroes, come at last to die.  
So take herewith, my Harp, a last farewell!  
Hang here; the wind of evening, roaming by  
May draw from thee a sigh --- my only knell.

## THEOKRITOS

An hour! She was just there, sir, and I here;  
And so we talked, while, as in very scorn  
Of that unwearied hour, fate's gossamer  
Whipped my lean cheek and passed. She put  
new fear

Into my soul, told of her gods and faith  
That shamed with very godliness and love  
Our own --- and so departed. High above  
The temple, glinting amber-crystal there  
In the warm sunset, loud with song and hymn,  
Savored with sacrifice, seemed not so fair;  
Its olden meed of reverence waned dim.  
And thus the old gods passed, and and slowly  
died  
In that one hour.

Long since? Well, I am old  
Who then was young, yet here each day I keep  
Unspoken tryst, here in the eventide,  
Dreaming her face, and the strange faith she told.  
So men have named me names that fretted deep,



Blasphemer, idler, cynic; and their power  
Hath stripped me; yet I come, content to leave  
Their curses while I dream --- and haply grieve  
For that one little silver-glinting hour  
Of old time.

She? They murdered her next eve.

## THANKS

Thanks unto God because the trees are bare,  
For well we know they shall be green again;  
Because our lives have each its load of care  
And surcease comes the sweeter after pain;  
Because the winter's breath is on the air  
In token that spring cometh with her kiss;  
For our tomorrow, not for days that were ---  
Thanks unto God for this!

## INTRA MUROS

Love, be thou with me always, night and day,  
For I am very weak and need to rest  
Within thy spirit. Give me of thy best,  
Of thy heart-strength, hold me within thy sway,  
Spur on my soul with faith! Oh heart, today  
I am but as a child that seeks the breast  
Of utter love, and in that love confessed  
Makes him a refuge from the grim array  
Of Goblinry. Aye, very real they crawl,  
These my own phantoms, in the way I've trod ---  
Fear, Illness, Poverty; and, backing all,  
The grim old World, its talons outstretched wide.  
Oh heart, ward this the goblin-king aside;  
Beyond his power lie only Love --- and God!

## CRUCIFIÉ

A wounded French-Canadian lay beside  
A slow canal of Flanders, brow and breast  
Ensanguined. So they found him at life's crest,  
Death rattling in his throat, his eyes fixed wide.  
Death rattled! And to silence Death's behest  
They crucified him there above the tide,  
Saying that thus upon a merry jest  
England and France in one were crucified!

France! Love alone shall save thee! For behold  
Thy children of past years return to thee,  
Proffering love, aye, even to the cross!  
While thy great Task endures to make thee bold  
Thy Canada, from piteous Calvary,  
Holds to thee bleeding arms --- death is not  
loss!

From Botrel

## ROGER CASEMENT

A dream was his; though vagrant and forlorn  
It spurred him forth upon the way he trod.  
Be theirs the shame, whose promises forsworn  
Blasphemed his honor in the name of God!

Not his the tears that tided Emmet's doom,  
Not his the fame that shrouded Owen Ruadh;  
His poor worn body fills a traitor's tomb,  
The princes whom he trusted laid him low.

Say not he failed! Despite a sullied name  
For Ireland went he to the gallows-tree;  
For her he died, and death assoiled his shame ---  
This was his dream, and this his victory!



## EASTER

Oft-times an hour despondent sweeps our hearts  
When all life's darkness looms along the sky;  
The wastrel years long perished in the marts  
Of sin; the love that blossomed but to die ---  
The earthen ashes in the hand of fate;  
Till all we sowed, and all we failed to glean,  
Dims our stout faith, and hope is desolate.  
Lord, where is guerdon for what hath not been?  
Then through the veiling cloud a light is sent  
And we bethink us of the Master --- how  
His duty's path seemed ashen, how He bent  
Beneath despair, till angels touched His brow;  
How faith and hope seemed broken in His hand  
And how, the promised kingdom still unseen,  
There wailed from all the faithful little band  
"Lord, where is guerdon for what hath not been?"  
Though faith be dim, faith cannot die the death,  
Though hope be desolate, hope hath no sere;  
For these are bound in charity --- the breath  
Of strength beyond all strength we reckon here.  
Though we have failed our deep desires, we find  
That still with Eastertide earth burgeons green  
And still above the grave is love enshrined ---  
Lord, is this guerdon for what hath not been?

## THE STORY HOUR

'Most every night, just as the first stars glisten,  
And all the sky is dim and far and grand,  
We sit around the kitchen fire and listen  
While mother reads us tales from fairyland.  
And though we know they're only fairy stories,  
We always see them, truly, in the fire!  
Kings and glass mountains, gold and silver glories,  
A dragon, and the princess Heart's Desire!  
There always is, you know, a prince unfearing,  
And there always is a fairy with her crook;  
Yet somehow we are never tired of hearing  
The stories from the magic fairy book!

## THE GIFT OF THANKS

With some there dwells the thought , and only this  
The God-sent inspiration of the day ;  
A space their souls can sense some angel's kiss .  
To give , mayhap , a prayer . It is their way .

With some the thought gives utterance to the word  
Nor fears , half-shamed , to bid a brother pray ;  
So are their souls beneath the world-grip stirred  
A space to gratitude . It is their way .

With some the soul halts not at word or thought  
Nor may the bounden time its impulse stay ;  
And these , who do not as they must but ought ,  
Translate God's breath to deeds . It is their way .

## THE EARTH

Nurse and mother  
Is the earth,  
Flower and wheat sleep  
Under the earth;  
Bird and man  
Are on the earth,  
Each sings his song  
Of the earth!

The sun gives a kiss  
To the earth;  
He burns, a flame divine,  
Over the earth,  
For he is the ardent husband  
Of the earth!

The peasant lives and dies  
For the earth.  
The miner is one damned



By the earth.  
Like others, he is born  
On the earth,  
Yet lives as in a prison  
Under the earth;  
His horizon and sky  
Is the earth!

All begins and ends  
By the earth.  
The child who coos  
At the earth,  
The old man who dies and descends  
Into the earth ---  
All this remakes blood  
For the earth!

From Jules Jouy

## IO PAEAN

Thus I would die --- not with the timbrel's blare  
And blazonry of splendor on the sky,  
Nor with the hymn of triumph swelling high,  
The victor's crown, the flame of swords in air;  
Not with a proud magnificence to flare  
My spirit forth in conquest, nor with sly  
Wild gropings after life, with tear and sigh  
And mutterings of sadness and despair ---

Thus, I would die!

But might I lie beneath some cedar bare  
Where ghostly sedge and water whisper by,  
I think the stars would sing me welcome there;  
Till, with the dawn-mist veiling earth in prayer,  
God's hand would steal to mine, bid me forthfare -

Thus I would die.

## THE CHIEFTAINS

Agamemnon

Shepherd of the ships! As glimmer of the dawn  
strikes Ida gold,  
As the waning stars grow dimmer, in Aurora's  
veil uprolled;  
In a darkling ruin shrouded lie uncited Ilion's  
shores,  
Up the wine-dark seas unclouded oar we with  
home-driving oars.  
Grant, oh Consummator, kindness to thy child-  
ren battle-brunted  
Ten long years, who now in blindness turn the  
hollow ships, dark-fronted,  
To Argolis. Grant a meeting to the dear ones  
long denied;  
Grant a father children's greeting by the joyful  
mother's side!  
Father, lead us in thy pity, all the warring overpast  
To our homeland fair and city, and our dear  
ones, safe at last!

Chorus.           Strophe 1

Hail, night-star, the cloudy realms adorning!  
What sayest thou to heroes war-tossed,  
Weary of Troy and yearning for home?

Bright thy hope-ray cheers their souls,  
Comforting their deep-tired hearts!

Strophe 2

Mind with war, not foresight, fraught;  
King of Vanities, called men ---  
Dost not know that woman's faith  
Is a fleeting, changing wraith?  
This, King Pride, will be thy thought  
When thou comest home, and when  
Bane by woman's hand is brought!

Antistrophe 1

See! Alas, a sweeping cloud-drift hides thee!  
Dark are the waves, for thy light is gone,  
Black on the sea hang the low clouds;  
In vain, Atrides, dost thou search,  
Tossing guideless on the deep!

Antistrophe 2

Heedless, thou! No thought of ill  
Clouds thy mind whilst far away!  
Bluff and bold thy heart, and true;  
Straight and strong thy love outflew,  
Strong and straight thy love flies still  
Flies to her who on that day  
Shall the royal life-blood spill!



## Ajax    Oileus

Come followers, faithful ones, now is our meed  
Of rest from the war, our god-striven war!  
Rejoice ye! Rejoice, and nevermore heed  
The might of the winds, or the breakers' roar;  
For the gods are dead --- their power has passed  
Like a withered leaf on the autumn blast!  
Nay, banish that frown, my heroes! We  
Ourselves must hew out our destiny;  
We who have warred with the heavens' might  
On Troy-plain by day, in trenches by night,  
We know that the gods are dead --- we know!  
They died in that last great night of blood  
When we on the strife-won citadel stood;  
And they perished with Ilion's overthrow,  
In the fire and tears, in the slaughter and woe.  
"Dead are the gods!" The wild seas say it!  
The will of the gods --- let fools obey it!  
Up, comrades, up! To homes and wives  
And the hearths that shall glow in our war-  
chilled lives!

## Strophe

Man of conceit, puffed up with vain pride,  
Dost cry, forsooth, that the gods are sped?  
When thine oaken planks are sea-riven wide,

When thy friends have perished at thy side  
And the light of the day is fled;  
When thou sittest the god-given rock astride  
And Athene's bolt crashes down overhead;  
Then, then wilt thou think on the fool who cried  
"The vain gods are dead!"

### Antistrophe

Yet ever thine arm was first in the field;  
Never struck fear to thy hero's breast!  
Swift was the sting of thy shafts as thou kneeled  
And fought from the rim of Telamon's shield  
And swift is thy heart confessed!  
Open and free is thy thought revealed,  
Never the weight of hypocrisy pressed  
On thy mind; to the gods of the heart wilt  
thou yield,  
And call Fate but a jest!

### Odysseus

Well, Argon, old friend, at last we are bound  
To our rock-riven isle, up the bowl of the sea!  
Hast forgotten thy trade in the clarion's blare,  
And din of the war, and arms' brazen sound;  
Or still can ye guide to the haven, where  
All rugged and bare

The cliffs uprise in their majesty?  
Ah, it gladdens my heart to vision the scene!  
The towering crags with their caps of green,  
And the glint of sun that just catches a sail  
And turns it to silver against the blue,  
While the breakers ceaselessly roar and wail ---  
Ah, this is home! Come, ye war-weary few  
Who remain of my band, here into the stern;  
Let us sing the songs that the fisher-folk sing  
As they come in the gloaming home, for I yearn  
To hear them ring  
Out over the sea as of old! When we come  
Within sight of home,  
Let us sing those songs to the beat of the oars;  
The folk will hear, and the women will speed  
And crowd all the boats and wharves and shores  
To welcome us home, and will give us our meed  
Of praise and love. The shepherds who tend  
Their wandering goats on the hills, will hear  
Our ancient songs rising loud and clear;  
And the herd-boys will send  
To the farmhouse, and hastily, merrily, all  
The people will run to the great sea-wall ---  
Ah, my children, happy our journey's end!

Strophe

Man art thou, Ithacan, yet must thou battle

With more than the toils of a man;  
Deep will be sorrow, sharp will be anguish,  
Weary the way!

Strophe 2

Poor fools! Do ye think that your toils are o'er  
Because war is done?  
Home shall ye come no more;  
So the Fates have spun.  
Men have yielded when ye assailed,  
But the gods succeed where men have failed;  
None of ye e'er will see Ithaca's shore  
Save only one!

Antistrophe 1

Strength of the grey-eyed one be thy protector!  
Sweet joy will thy sorrows bring forth;  
Happy thy home will be, mighty thy son,  
Peaceful thine end.

Antistrophe 2

True hearts, loving only the things of home,  
Let your songs ring free!  
Soon will your sorrows come  
And the joy-tear flee.  
Your thoughts shall fly to the loved ones dear,  
True hearts that never knew feel of fear!  
Many a year shall ye weary roam,  
Many a sea!

## ON THE TRAIN'S END

What lies beyond the tail-lamps, in the void  
That circles out around, above, below?  
All the day's things, the trees, clouds, hills,  
destroyed;  
Out of them all, the dun sky and the stars  
Above the black horizon; two lean bars  
Monotonous beneath the tail-lamps' glow ---  
Whither outfled? What lies there in the night  
Lurching behind us ever? None may know.  
Yet often I have thought that two things might  
Follow us steadfastly for weal or woe;  
Merciless, smiting if perchance we nod,  
Full swift to punish, to reward full slow,  
Yet loved by us. And what are these that go  
Behind the tail-lamps? Duty Done --- and God.



## WISDOM OF IRAN

Give ear to three things!

The advice of an old man,  
The murmur of thy slaves,  
The silence of strangers.

Give eye to three things!

The hump of thy camel,  
The door of thy harem,  
The edge of thy knife.

Give tongue to three things!

The question of a child,  
The sadness of thy friend,  
The call to prayer.

Give hand to three things!

The broken rein,  
The word of insult,  
The one who asketh thine aid.

## PARDS

It isn't the times when we've tasted  
The sting of a back-to-back strife;  
It isn't the time that we've wasted  
In learning the utmost of life;  
It isn't the hour that we've squandered  
Which binds us together today ---  
It's the hour when we've worried and  
wandered  
With never a lone word to say.

It isn't the beers we have slathered,  
The pipes we have smoked by the hour;  
It isn't rewards we have gathered  
Or losses that turned the day sour;  
It's the watching of each other's sorrow  
In the silence that sympathy lends ---  
It's the waiting for dawn of the morrow  
That bids us be sure we are friends!

## STRATFORD STREETS

Full many an age hath Margaret been sped,  
Whose mother-love no Yorkish steel could kill,  
And that Volumnia whose son sent thrill  
On thrill of war thru Rome, and terror dread;  
Yet still the roses burgeon white and red  
In many an English garden-close, and still  
The grey walls on the seven-crested hill  
Stand grimly, sentinel unto their dead!

These twain the poet left us, and today  
Their characters live on; the stern emprise  
That never knows defeat, and sacrifice  
Of the same high ambition. Who shall say  
Where learned the bard a mother's twin heartbeats?  
Perchance he found them both in Stratford  
streets!

## THE INDIAN MOTHER

Her face is graven with the weight of years  
And seamed with all her nation's hopelessness;  
Yet in her smile are hid the mother-fears  
And in her fears is motherhood's caress.

What though her child be heir to all the doom  
That flung his people on misfortune's strand?  
Fate wove in warp of umber on her loom  
But sealed the weaving with a mother's hand!

Earth is at one in this, the recompense  
God grants a mother for her toil and pain;  
The touch of lips to lips, of sense to sense,  
The soul that blesses and is blessed again!

## HEART - HOLD

Dear little cottage by the shore  
Where roses twine at roof and eaves,  
And the cool winds caressingly  
Droop ever on you from the sea ---  
Would that I dwelt with you once more  
Afar from all the citted roar  
And all the pain the city leaves!

The circling years shall wax and wane  
Upon the yellow cliff, where come  
The darting swallows with the spring  
To wheel on ever-wandering wing ---  
And never shall I see again  
Your windows shining in the rain  
From off the sea; but you are home!



## GOD'S WAY

A handshake, and instant I knew it,  
Felt the thrill as her eyes met mine;  
A moment --- needs God to undo it ---  
Left my spirit divine.

God whispered; what could I but hearken?  
I found me His faith in her grasp;  
And shall live, till the years die and darken,  
In a moment's handclasp!

## IAGO'S CREDO

I believe in a cruel god, who wrought  
Me as himself; and I name him mine!  
Life is an atom, a slime, a thought  
In its self-hood vile; all things defile  
Me, being a man; and at Evil's shrine  
I loosen the threads that Fate has caught!

Netted and snared in Honor's name  
Are kisses, tears and the faith of men;  
Into the Lie of Life we came  
To find that its germ but breeds the worm  
Of Death. Comes Death, and then --- and then  
Is nothing --- or Heaven, an ancient shame!

## L'ARBRE CROCHE MISSION

God made a little crooked tree  
And set it on the shore,  
A thing of wondrous sanctity  
To paynim folk! But presently  
Came men who hailed the mystery  
And preached a faith of charity  
All up and down the shore.

They built a church upon the shore  
Beside the crooked tree,  
And taught the paynim to abhor  
The gods by which his fathers swore;  
It was a task full easy, for  
The cross they gathered to adore  
Was but a crooked Tree!

## THE SEARCHER

I craved a friend, and sought him long  
By many a path and lane,  
Till all the white road lost its song  
And all the search seemed vain.  
I turned me home at close of day  
And in the eventide,  
Close-dwelling just across the way,  
I found him at my side!

I craved for music, and I sought  
Afar the minstrel's art;  
Full cunning-sweet it was, and fraught  
With soothing to the heart.  
But false rang song and roundelay  
Upon the eventide,  
Until a bird across the way  
Thrilled music at my side!

I craved for love, and searching went  
Through all the world adrift;  
Nor friend nor music could content  
Nor any heart held gift.  
Then all the world seemed wan and grey,  
Until with eventide  
I found that love, the whole long way,  
Had wandered at my side!

## SONG OF CALVADOS

Gleams that we lost in the long ago  
Under the dust of a drifted star,  
Sweet were our tears when we loved you so ---  
Where were our hearts when you fared so far?  
Lost was the gleam, so swift, so slow  
That scarce we knew it was fading out;  
Winds of the world that so blindly blow,  
Why did ye cover the sky with doubt?  
And, if our souls have failed to glow  
Anew with gleams and the sad-sweet tears,  
This is the loss that we all must know ---  
Faith that is fled on the flame of years!



## THE CHILDREN'S GOD

At Jizo's shrine the blossoms fling  
Cloud-rose against each mellowed line;  
Both age and sadness lose their sting  
At Jizo's shrine.

What tho' wee hands have ceased to twine  
About a mother's neck, but cling  
To Death? See, how the mountain-pine  
Spells faith unto the sorrowing!  
And see, how grief is made divine  
And hopeless winter turns to spring  
At Jizo's shrine!

## LOVE OF MY LOVE

I asked of the full-blushing rose,  
    "Does my Love love me?"  
But the flower whispered back "God knows!  
For the love of a woman blows  
    Like my petals. See!"

Then the rose gave herself a shake;  
    But my laugh rang free,  
For each petal refused to break!  
And joyfully then I spake:  
    " So my Love loves me!"

## HE REMINISCES

I would that you could think of me  
As I remember you --- all pure  
And sweetly fragrant as the morn  
Itself! But not again shall we  
Come face to face, for the world's lure  
Has parted us, in love and scorn.  
Yet sometimes when the day is done  
And I awake to loneliness,  
I think of you, and how you said:  
"Go forth to fight! From sun to sun  
Bear with you all my heart, no less ---  
But come not back with honor dead."  
I went; I fought; I won the strife;  
And winning, lost the best in life.

## PLUM BLOSSOMS

"When troublous winds are hushed," the poet  
sang,

"And rain has cleansed the mountain air, how  
clear

Seem then the far plum blossoms, to us here  
Beneath the tea-house roof!" Oh ancient Chang,  
Afar you were from all the harsh world's clang,  
To you Nirvana's peace was very near;

Not yours the gleam of knightly helm and spear,  
Not yours the clarion's lordly wild harangue!

Now in a later age, an alien land,

Upon the wall your pictured verses hang

Untouched by time, undimmed by age's slur;  
Remote from all our scheme of things you stand,  
Yet here bequeathing us a wistful tang

Of sweetness and repose. God rest you, sir!

## HEART'S DESIRE

Slow are the years, and slowly have we wended  
The path of patience, for the way was dim;  
And long it seemed that hope lay broken, rended  
From out our souls, where only grief attended,  
And that our heart's desire was ever ended,  
Ended within the silent depths and grim;  
Yet still across the darkness faith descended  
And still we waited patiently for Him.

What goal is thine? What flame is in thee burning  
Until Accomplishment seems living fire?  
And does it guide, of right or wrong unlearning,  
Far from the path; or does it chide thee, turning  
Thy steps aright? Seek from thy soul discerning  
The worth of that to which thou dost aspire;  
Seek if it urge thee to Him, faint with yearning  
That He should render thee thy heart's desire!



Ah, rest in Him whose hand is very tender  
To heal thy wounds and give thy pain surcease!  
Trust in the power that only may engender  
Hope in the desolate; think not the Sender  
Forgetteth thee --- He is thy strong defender,  
And only He may bind thee or release;  
Wait patiently for Him, until He render  
The sum of all thy heart's desire --- His peace.

## LOST LEGION

Some of us lay in the long lush grasses,  
Some of us fell in the green field-corn,  
And some of us died in the high hill passes  
Cold to the laughing lure of morn.

## HAKON JARL

Out through the islets into the bay

Whistled the wind.

Hakon Jarl was wont to say

That the wind should whistle his life away

Out through the islets into the bay

If the gods were kind,

Giving him death in the keen sword-play.

Out through the islets into the bay

Scatter the ships.

Hakon Jarl swoops on his prey

Till the smitten rovers flee from the fray,

Out through the islets into the bay;

But his sword-grip slips

And a woman wails at the close of day.

Out through the islets into the bay

Hakon is sped.

Raven sail adrip with spray,

Red flames lighting the faces grey,

Out through the islets into the the bay

Sweeps Hakon, dead;

Faring forth on the Valhal way!

## AT MARQUEVILLERS

Against the ancient wall the dear Christ lay  
Upon His rood; when sudden came a shell  
Bursting the vault away, and it befell  
That all the Cross was shattered. There today  
Hangs the freed God, high-poised as in some  
great

Stayed moment of ascension far above;  
The Crucified, delivered by men's hate,  
Becomes the Resurrected, lord of love!

Oh France! Thine arms are, too, held wide  
in sorrow,

Thy nailed arms from Flanders to Alsace,  
And Christ His lot shall be thy lot tomorrow  
When the vain Hatred of the Horde shall pass.  
Its fury will but resurrect thy might,  
Giving thee, as to Christ, immortal flight!

From Boutrel

## TWO BOYS

They kissed their brother as he came,  
Two little boys. They lingered there  
Beside the train; and then a flame  
Of red --- a collie, swift to dance  
About and on them. Thus alone,  
Arms locked, the three were quickly gone.

Somewhere their father slept in France,  
Perhaps; but why was it they met  
With tender lip and hand and glance,  
These three, no more? What unseen debt  
Of grief was paid among them then?  
What mystery of fame or name  
Was theirs --- what tragic necromance  
Lay hid within their greetings, when  
They kissed their brother as he came?

## THE NORTHERN TRAIL

When naked foot and moccasin alone  
Left a faint imprint traced among the trees;  
When no taint thrilled along the forest breeze  
From a new race that claimed the land their own,  
Then all thy hidden ways were wondrous grown  
And filled with beauty of thy guardians, these  
Great cedars, haunted by old memories  
And requiems the towering pines intone .

Today no beaded foot stirs thy faint dust  
Trodden of old by brave and voyageur;  
The trees, with ancient secrets held in trust,  
Still guard thine age-old path, and still the sure  
Sweet requiem ascends . God grant that we  
May somewhere find the peace enshrined in thee!



## LULLABY

Sleep, my babe, sleep!  
Far in the cedars the north wind is howling,  
Far in the forest the gray wolf is prowling,  
And snowdrifts are deep;  
Here in the cabin, dear heart, do not fear thee,  
Mother's close by and the sandman is near thee  
So sleep, my babe, sleep!

Sleep, my babe, sleep!  
Over the forest the pine-choirs are singing,  
Over the lone trail snowshoes are swinging,  
For white drifts are deep;  
Here in the cabin the hearth-fire is gleaming,  
Under thee, over thee, dim shadows streaming ---  
So sleep, my babe, sleep!

## A CHRISTMAS VERSE

Christmas joy and Christmas cheer,  
Trust in worth of higher things;  
Gifts that only Christmas brings ---  
These be with you all the year!

Hope in sorrow, faith in fear,  
Love that leavens work and play;  
Gifts we hold from God today ---  
These be with you all the year !



Here Ends The Book

GATHERED VERSE

Printed By The Author

at

The Sign Of The  
Crossed Quills

Santa Barbara

1916

















